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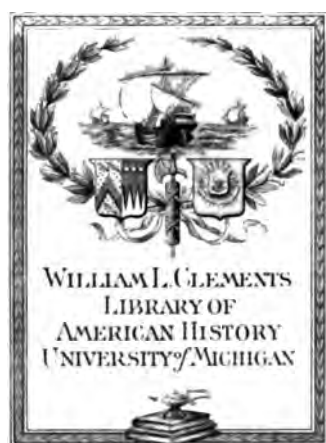
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CAPTAIN WALTER MASON DICKINSON







Photo by LOVELL, Amherst.

Taken Dec. 1, 1895.



*Revised and Reprinted from The Amherst Record*

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**Captain**  
*//*

**Walter Mason Dickinson**

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AMHERST, MASS.  
CARPENTER & MOREHOUSE  
1898

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1898

*From the Record of July 27, 1898.*

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**LIEUT. WALTER M. DICKINSON.**

**KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO, JULY, 1898.**

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When came the nation's call to arms, we thought  
That war's relentless hand would hold afar  
Its iron weight from us. Alas! the scar  
Is now within our hearts, we ne'er knew aught.  
From out our number one brave soul was sought  
To die a hero's death. No time can mar  
Our memory of him, nor e'er debar  
The lesson that his glorious death has wrought.

A soldier firm and true was he; and one  
Who knew the worth of careful discipline.  
With smile and welcome hand for all, and mind  
E'er filled with brightening thoughts, he was a son  
Of Massachusetts. Thus he died within  
The heat of battle, and left his all behind.

HERMAN BABSON.

Agricultural College.



Gift  
Wm. C. L.  
3-27-61  
aad

*From the Record of July 13, 1898.*

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**WALTER MASON DICKINSON.**

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When, little more than a month ago, Walter Mason Dickinson, 1st lieutenant in the 17th regiment of U. S. infantry, writing from on board a transport in Tampa harbor, said, as he viewed the magnificence of the military and naval pageant spread out before him, that he would not have missed it for five years of his life, he little knew that the mortal life before him was to be measured by days, not years. But had he known it, had he realized that on the first day of July, fighting with his comrades before the city of Santiago, he was to fall mortally wounded and yield up his life for his country he would not have turned back but would have performed his duty willingly, gladly, nobly. He was no untried soldier, with that bravery that comes from lack of knowledge of the perils and privations of a soldier's life. Others as brave, as consecrated to their country's service, fell in the battle before Santiago, but he was Amherst's first offering on the altar of her country in the war with Spain and it is fitting that here, in the town where he was born, among the people with whom he has so long associated, especial tribute should be paid to his character and worth.

Walter Mason Dickinson was a descendant in direct line, and in the eighth generation, from one of the earliest settlers in Hadley Third Precinct the mother town of Amherst. The founder of the family in America was Nathaniel Dickinson, who was born in England and with his wife and three sons came to Wethersfield, Conn. in



1636. The family was one of the first to remove to Hadley after the settlement of the village in 1658. He was the first recorder and a deacon in the First church. The line of descent from this Nathaniel is as follows: Nehemiah, who married Mary Cowles; Samuel, who married Hannah Marsh; Nathaniel, who married Thankful —; Nathaniel, Jr., who married Sarah Marsh; Walter, who married Lydia Dickinson; Marquis F., who married Hannah S. Williams; Walter Mason. His great grandfather, Nathaniel Dickinson, Jr., was the most prominent man in Amherst at the outbreak of the war of the Revolution. He was graduated from Harvard college in 1771 studied law with the distinguished lawyer of Northampton, Maj. Joseph Hawley, and at the early age of 24 years was elected a delegate from Amherst to the first Provincial Congress; he was elected also to the second and third Congresses and was sent as representative to the General Court in 1778, 1780 and 1783. He served on Amherst's committee of correspondence, was the author of most of the revolutionary papers of the district, was moderator at town meetings, town clerk and treasurer, selectman and assessor and devoted his life to public affairs. Walter M. Dickinson's maternal grandfather was Asa Williams of Shutesbury who served in the Continental army three years under Gen. Washington, spent the winter at Valley Forge and was present at the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. John Dickinson, his father's maternal grandfather, took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, and, when he died in Amherst at the age of 92, was the last surviving Revolutionary soldier in Eastern Hampshire. Mr. Dickinson's mother is one of the few now-living daughters of soldiers who fought in the Revolution.

Coming of such ancestry, it is small wonder that Walter Mason Dickinson early showed an inclination toward

military affairs and in 1876 eagerly accepted an appointment to the military academy at West Point which was secured for him by the late President Seelye then a member of Congress. At that time he was just twenty years old, and had nearly completed a course at the Agricultural college. He was graduated from West Point in 1880, ranking exactly in the middle of his class, and was commissioned 2d lieutenant in the 4th cavalry. After graduation he attended the cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth, where he took high rank in military tactics. During 12 years service in the western department he saw the harder side of the soldier's life, and, in a campaign against the Apaches, took part in one severe battle and in several minor engagements. He was complimented by Gen. Ruger for a forced march he made with 50 Indian scouts some 300 miles to Sipa, N. M., at the time of the Indian uprising on the San Carlos agency. He was transferred in 1892, at his own request, to the 17th U. S. infantry and soon after was detailed as military instructor at the Agricultural college in Amherst, where he remained four years, his term having been extended one year at the special request of the college authorities. On leaving Amherst he joined his regiment at Columbus, Ohio, where he remained until the regiment was summoned into camp at Tampa. About April 1 he was appointed Quartermaster of his regiment by Col. (now Gen.) Poland, and under the Act of Congress approved April 26 he was advanced to the rank of Captain, his commission,\* which would soon have been issued, to date from that day. He accompanied his regiment to Cuba, took part with it in the fighting about Santiago, and in the battle which occurred July 1 received a wound from which he died. The particulars of his death have not yet been received.

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\*Note. This commission has been issued by President McKinley since Lieut. Dickinson's death. It bears date July 14, 1898.

During the four years that Lieut. Dickinson remained in Amherst he renewed old friendships and made many new ones. His work at the college was of exceptional interest and value. A thorough disciplinarian, he at the same time won the affectionate regard of the students and trained them so carefully and intelligently that the "Aggie" battalion under his command was the pride of the college and was greeted with enthusiasm whenever it made its appearance, as it frequently did, in public. His fellow members of the faculty held him in high esteem and President Goodell regarded him almost as his own son. In company with his wife he took a prominent part in social events and his departure from the town was greatly regretted. When reports were first read in last Wednesday's papers of his death his Amherst friends were incredulous, and as a wrong initial was given and the regiment was stated to be the 19th instead of the 17th it was thought the news related to some other officer. Several telegrams were exchanged between his relatives and the war department, but while official confirmation of his death is lacking his family accepts it as a fact and his brother, M. F. Dickinson, Jr. has gone to Washington to see if it will be possible to recover his body and have it brought home for burial.

Lieut. Dickinson was married to Martha E. Otis, daughter of Hon. George L. Otis, a well-known lawyer of St. Paul, Minn., who at one time was mayor of the city; she survives him; they have had no children. His father and mother are still living at the family homestead in North Amherst. He also leaves two brothers and four sisters. They are: M. F. Dickinson, Jr., the well-known lawyer, of Boston; Col. Asa W. Dickinson, a leading lawyer of Jersey City, N. J.; Amelia, widow of the late Franklin L. Pope of Great Barrington, accidentally killed by an electric current some three years ago; Roxie, wife of Elihu

Holbrook of Holbrook; Julia, wife of Rev. Charles S. Nickerson of Newtonville and Fannie, wife of Dr. J. B. Lindsey of the Agricultural college. His oldest sister who died 14 years ago, was the wife of Rev. Henry N. Couden, now the blind chaplain of the national House of Representatives, a veteran of the Civil war, who lost his sight from wounds received while fighting guerillas in Mississippi in May, 1863. Mr. Couden's son, but 19 years of age, and so small that a special order of the war department had to be secured ere his enlistment was accomplished, is a member of the 1st District of Columbia volunteers, now on the way to Santiago.

Lieut. Dickinson was a member of Pacific Lodge F. & A. M. Amherst, and during his detail here served as Master of the Lodge.

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#### PROFESSOR GROVENOR'S TRIBUTE.

The rumor that Lieutenant Dickinson had fallen at Santiago came as a terrible shock to this community. Hour after hour, with a dull ache and a constantly shrinking hope, we have watched and waited until now it seems as if the last hope was gone. Of him, whose living presence still seems a reality, there is no need that a word be said. Not a person is there among us but knew him and, in knowing him, loved and honored him. No nobler, worthier, more devoted citizen has gone forth to this war. A natural leader, utterly fearless, utterly regardless of self, he was sure to seek any post of danger where the destiny of battle is most likely to find its shining mark. Yet, as one recalls the handgrasp so warm and the voice so cheery and the step so buoyant and the whole man so full of life and energy, it is incredible that we may not again welcome him to our midst. He was the best product and the best embodiment of what we call American-

ism. And the glory of Americanism is its discharge of present duty. So, whenever he saw a duty, nothing could hold him back from its performance, but he performed it in a way to clothe that duty with sunshine. It was good to be in his presence and to look into his face. The students of two colleges during four years' intercourse saw in him more than a soldier or a teacher. They saw a true man. The doctrine of patriotism, which he taught with soldierly directness, he enforced in his life no less than in that last crisis of battle. Typical of him was his address before the Massachusetts Agricultural college at the memorial service of Governor Greenhalge on March 9, 1896. I quote the closing passage, wherein he speaks of the "higher duty:" "That duty is the one you owe to your country. By your country I do not mean this small space, crossed and re-crossed by the beautiful and granite-capped hills which so closely encircle us, but I speak of a country, a part of whose wide domain is always in sunlight, extending westward from the storm-washed rocks of the New England shore to the farthest extremities of the Aleutian Isles—from the present frozen shores of the great lakes to the ever tropical climate of the Mexican gulf—a country with 70,000,000 of people—a country of free speech and free religion; a country covered with schools and churches—a country to be proud of; a country to respect; and above all, if need be, a country to die for. This is the spirit which should be taught in all our public schools, encouraged at the fireside, and in the churches, that the aim of every boy and young man might be to make this our common country united—one for all, for in unison only is there strength. Then the day will surely come when one could wish no other epitaph than this, He lived and died an American citizen." Our country is the dearer and the saintlier to us that these eloquent words of epitaph in their fullest meaning apply to him. There are many of us stricken in this bereavement. But

there is one on whom it falls most crushing of all. To her, thus early widowed, who was the charm and inspiration of his life, our hearts go out with inexpressible sympathy. In the presence of her sorrow we stand awestricken and speechless. But she is the daughter of a family, among the most honored in Massachusetts, which for generations in council chamber or on the field of action has never faltered. As the faces of her ancestors look down from the walls of the old State House in Boston, their pictured lips seem saying to her: "You have given your best, your all, but like us you have given it gloriously in the service of your country."

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

Amherst College.

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PROFESSOR MILLS' TRIBUTE.

MR. EDITOR: While many friends of Lieutenant Dickinson, who fell in the battle before Santiago a few days since, are giving expression to their grief for his untimely death there are reasons why the citizens of Amherst and the friends of the Agricultural college also should share in these tributes to the memory of this fallen soldier. Lieut. Dickinson was, so far as we know, the first of her sons that Amherst has given to the cause of Cuban independence. A son of Amherst he was, in truth. Among the early settlers of Amherst his ancestors were found. His family, for successive generations, has held a prominent place among the families of the town. He himself received his early training in its public schools and from them was appointed by a distinguished and honored citizen of Amherst to a cadetship at West Point. After years of training in the academy and on the field of active service on our western frontier he came back to give four years of efficient and faithful service to one of Amherst's colleges and to renew and strengthen many of the friendships of his boyhood days. During all these years his

love for Amherst has steadily increased and in a letter written on the transport as he was about to set foot on the soil of Cuba he expressed the questioning desire that he might see Amherst again. This desire was not to be gratified; but that he should, amid the excitements and distractions of those busy hours, turn his thoughts in fond desire to his boyhood home, reveals a tenderness and loyalty in the man not inconsistent with the courage and devotion of the soldier.

The value of Lieut. Dickinson's work at the Agricultural college is well known by his associates there. To it he brought a high ideal of the soldier's duty, a scrupulous regard for the interests of individual students, and a patient attention to the minutest details pertaining to the military department. It mattered not whether he was to prepare a report to his superior officers at Washington, or to promote the efficiency of his battalion by enforcing needed discipline in its ranks, or to take command of the same on those sad Memorial Days that appeal so tenderly to patriotic hearts, he was always faithful and true. The influence of Lieut. Dickinson's work was felt in every department of the college. It commanded the hearty respect of his associates on the faculty while the students admired him as a soldier and trusted him as a friend.

When such lives are laid upon the altar we realize how great is the sacrifice that is being made for Cuban independence. It is such devotion as that shown by Lieut. Dickinson and his brave comrades that makes "the land holy where they fought and holy where they fell," and though we may not be able to carry to their resting places the tokens of our affection yet to these shall

"Honor come, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

GEORGE F. MILLS.

Agricultural College.



*From the Record of July 20, 1898.*

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### HOW A HERO FELL

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From Monday's Boston *Evening Transcript* we copy the following description by Joseph E. Chamberlin, its regular correspondent at the front of the circumstances under which Lieut. Walter Mason Dickinson met his death:

The Seventh had been sent forward to a still nearer hillock, where the regiment lay flat on its face, pouring a fierce fire down upon the village. Our commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel J. T. Haskell, had orders to support the Seventh. In front of him was an open field, swept by the Spanish musketry fire from breast-works around the village. In advance of his regiment Colonel Haskell stepped out into this open space, walking erect, without crouching or running. In another moment he fell to the earth. Lieutenant Dickinson, who was with him, received a shot in his arm and came back for help. The regiment crept along on hands and knees toward a lane that offered some shelter from the killing fire. Meanwhile Lieutenant Roberts called for five men to go out to get the colonel, and five privates stepped forward. Three of them were shot down in the open. The others pressed on, and with the officers brought back the colonel; he had three bad wounds. Lieutenant Dickinson, who again turned into the thick of the fire, received another and a fatal wound through his body. The wounded men were carried into a lane which ran straight toward the stone fort on the hill, and which, being depressed a little, afforded some shelter from the rain of lead, and into this line the whole regiment filed, lying down with faces to the ridge.



of the slaughter up to this moment had been hornet's nest of a breastwork on the side of the lock on which Caney stands. It was on the village, and extended from one building with an extension at right angles down the hill. There were breastworks, too, along the stone forts, on the larger hill, and from these the whole length of our lane. Well off in the other end of the lane was a Spanish blockhouse too far away to do much damage but occasionally sent an effective ball down the lane. Fire from the breastwork in the town sent its straight across the lane, cutting off the leaves of tinual slapping, spattering sound, and now a sapling and dropping it on our occasional ball threw a shower of gravel over and then one killed a man in spite of his helmet. The wounded colonel lay on the ground half-in, half-out, giving orders, half-wandering to his men. The lieutenant, who was dying, lay in a litter, and was again in the knee as he lay there. Officers passed up and down regardless of danger. O'Brien, now in command, walked the line of the regimental surgeon, Major Ebert, ran up and down giving bandages and directing his hospital staff. He had two regiments to attend to—it is the privilege of the medical department to deprive the regiment of its surgeons and send them to the division hospital.



*From the Record of July 27, 1898.*

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**LIEUT. DICKINSON'S DEATH.**

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The following is taken from a letter addressed to Mrs. Walter M. Dickinson, written by Rev. Ruter W. Springer, chaplain of the 17th regiment :

On the morning of July 1, at the opening of the battle of Caney, he was wounded three times; first in the right forearm ; next through the abdomen and bladder ; and, while his wounds were being dressed, through the right lower leg. Removal being impossible, he remained on the field until the battle was over, being placed in a sheltered place ; and, in the evening, a field hospital was organized near by, and he was removed thereto. Lt. Col. Haskell, commanding the regiment, was wounded at the same time as your husband. Q. M. Sgt. Kaltschmidt was assigned to care for your husband ; and took the very best care of him, throughout. Mr. Dickinson complained of a good deal of pain, but bore it bravely and quietly. The pain was largely relieved by the use of morphine. At about 1-30 A. M., July 2 he became unconscious ; and gradually sank away, until he passed off at 2-20 A. M., without pain at the time. Everyone was deeply concerned for him, throughout ; and it was very evident how much he was liked by all.




### **MORE ABOUT LIEUT. DICKINSON.**

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The following extract is taken from a letter published in Saturday's New York *Herald*, written by Lieut. Charles D. Roberts of the 17th U. S. infantry.

Next morning, July 1, we pressed on, mile after mile, over a miserable muddy footpath in the hills. The seventeenth was the last regiment of General Chaffee's brigade. At a quarter to seven in the morning we heard the artillery open fire, and at twenty minutes to nine the bullets began to fly around us, and we passed wounded and dead. We tried to form line, but could see no enemy—only hear the singing of bullets. Occasionally down would go a man. Company C was in front, following Colonel Haskell. He led us across a sunken road, had a wire fence and hedge beyond cut, and started across an open field beyond, when a terrible fire opened, and the Colonel and Lieutenant Dickinson fell. Each was shot twice. They called for help, and several of our men started forward under my charge. Three of them fell wounded before we crossed the hedge, but the rest of us got through and dragged the Colonel back to the road under cover. Lieut. Dickinson got back alive. The rest of the regiment got on the road and lay down, and we gave the wounded "first aid" until the surgeon got to us. I think, altogether, nine of Company C were wounded—none killed—although Danielson and Keily may die. Little Lang got a ball through the arm—a slight wound.

The other companies did not lose so many, and no officers were hurt except the Colonel and Mr. Dickinson. The latter was shot a third time before we could get him to the rear and he died that night.



*From the Record of August 2, 1898.*

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**LIEUT. DICKINSON'S DEATH.**

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The following extract is taken from a letter written by Lieut. Col. Haskell of the 17th U. S. infantry to Mrs. Wallace, sister of Mrs. Walter M. Dickinson. It is dated at a hospital near Santiago, July 7 :

" On June 30th just after receiving instructions to make our men comfortable in camp and to keep 3 days' rations in their haversacks, I received the order to march. We moved on to about 4 o'clock and marched through mud over one of the worst roads I ever saw, sometimes through streams knee deep but on we went without a murmur. At 9 o'clock we were directed to form column of battalions in rear of the 12th. We bivouaced and remained until break of day, when without coffee or any fire to cook anything we started for the enemy. My regiment was kept in the rear, and was following the 7th. Lt. Dickinson came to me as we started and said " Colonel, I want to go with you to-day." He had been with me always when with the regiment on the march, unless occupied in his quartermaster duties, but none were required on this march. We marched up the mountain and down, through streams, over muddy places, on the slippery side of the hill, etc. Our horses were packed and led in rear of the column. We had no use for them otherwise, as the road was too narrow and slippery. Along about 9 o'clock I was directed to reinforce the

extreme right by putting my regiment on that line. I had to hunt for a position that I could fire from without endangering our own men who were in front of us, and having finally found this had to cut down the wire fence to enter. Your dear brother was at my side all this time and I had just taken a view of the town of Caney and decided where to put the regiment when my right boot was struck in the sole by the heel. The bullet went through the entire sole without breaking the skin, it stunned the foot. Just then my left arm dropped to my side. I had been shot through the left breast. Then the dear boy sang out "Colonel I am gone, they have shot me clear through," then his right arm dropped, he was shot through the right fore arm. Then a ball struck my right knee and knocked me down. Dickey ran but I had to roll. I gave orders where to form the regiment. Of course there was no hospital and there were no troops in our rear, so we were attended to on the firing line and had to stay there until the Spaniards were driven out of Caney, which was about 5 P. M., then we were carried back a short distance and cared for. Lieut. Dickinson was shot again during the day while lying on the firing line, receiving a flesh wound in the right leg. I tried to get them to put us along side each other but it was not safe during the day. I sent to know if he had any message, and that night as we lay alongside each other I asked him, but his position had to be changed in order to give him better attention. The only answer I got to any of my messages was "Give my love to my wife." I must quit; I am getting along very well and expect to be sent to Key West or some other place soon. I have had to lie down and rest many times since I started this. With my most sincere sympathy to all the family for their great loss I remain as ever.

J. T. HASKELL.

*Recorded Adjutant General*  
*H. C. Corbin*  
*Office July 14, 1898.*  
*Adjutant General*

THE PRESIDENT  
OF  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all who shall see these Presents, Greeting:

**Know Ye,** That reposing special trust and confidence in the Patriotism, Valor, Fidelity, and Abilities of Walter M. Dickinson, I do appoint him Captain of Infantry in the service of the **United States**; to rank as such from the twenty-sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of Captain by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.

**And I do** strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Captain. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General or other superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. **This Commission** to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being, and until the end of the next session of the Senate.

**Given** under my hand at the City of Washington, this fourteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and in the one hundred and twenty-third year of the Independence of the United States.

By the President:

R. A. Alger,  
Secretary of War.

William McKinley:

[SEAL.]















